The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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The Lesson of the Lily.

By the margin of the lake
Sat the Master long ago,
When with tender voice he spake:
"See the lilies, how they grow.
Toil they not, nor do they spin,
Yet in beauty are arrayed,
Such as Solomon the king
In his glory ne'er displayed.

"And the God who made the flowers,
Gave them colours rich and rare,
Shall he not these lives of yours
Make the objects of his care?
If you trust him, if you serve,
Living nobly day by day,
Shall he not your souls preserve
From all perils of the way?"

Thus the gracious Master said.
And the lily in his hand
Seemed to lift its lovely head,
Seemed his words to understand.
And the lily since has been
Symbol of a quenchless faith,
Of a spirit freed from sin,
Of life victor over death.

So, as Easter comes again,
With its happy, hopeful glow,
We repeat the old refrain,
"See the lilies how they grow."
And life's mystery groweth clear,
And the fear departs from death,
And the love of God comes near
For the words the Master saith.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Our Freedom.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE, D.D.

So accustomed are we to perfect liberty that it seems strange to us that all men everywhere should not have enjoyed the same freedom; and yet, as we look back over the three hundred thousand years that the scientific people tell us of, during which man has been an inhabitant of this planet, we note the fact that anything like a conception of liberty has been almost unknown.

In religion men have been afraid to be free. If we study intelligently we shall not accuse kings and popes and priesthoods of mere cruelty. Sometimes they have themselves been the victims of this same fear. They have shared it with the multitude; and, granting their premises, that which seemed like outright cruelty on their part has only been tenderness and love.

No matter now how man came to believe that God had ordained certain forms of worship, certain beliefs which must be held, or that he would pursue those who dared to think for themselves with torture and everlasting burning. No matter how man came to believe this or that, granting their premises, the suppression of this fatal tendency on the part of men to think for themselves was only kindness and love. Grant Calvin's premises, and the burning of Servetus was a thousand times justified. Why should a

man, if he chose to imperil his own soul, risk the souls of his fellowmen by the egotism of having ideas of his own contrary to the direct command of God?

We need not think it strange, then, as we note that liberty has been the slow growth of centuries, and those who have dared to become its champions have paid for it at the price of ostracism, of banishments, of torture, of death. I need not go into detail. You know the price that the great heroes have paid from the time of Jesus and Paul, and Savonarola and Huss, and Wyclif and Luther, and Calvin and Channing, and Theodore Parker, all the way down. You know the price that they have paid for this magnificent freedom, this our heritage which we take as naturally as we take the air that we daily breathe.

As yet liberty and order combined have been very rare in the history of the world. The attainment of that in government, as well as in religion, has been the most difficult achievement of the human race. The history of man has been an uneven balance between tyranny on the one hand and license on the other. Only in a few favoured spots have there been groups of men who have learned to combine the freedom of the individual with social order and safety.

It seems to me absurd sometimes even to talk about it. There is no more martyrdom, in the old sense, in this part of the world; and any man who is half a man, and who appreciates the worth of being able to stand on his own feet and to think his own thoughts, ought to be ashamed to talk of the difficulty of exercising his liberty in the modern world. And yet there are certain things that men must pay as the cost of it still. In certain quarters men must pay the price of business success.

I had a letter not long ago from a lawyer in the south-west, who said to me: "I am in perfect sympathy with your Unitarian ideas, but I do not dare to let it be known, as it would ruin my business." There is one town in New England where within ten years self-constituted committees from certain orthodox churches visited families newly arrived in the place, and told them it would be to their business advantage not to attend the Unitarian Church.

Sometimes you must pay the price of social ness. In England the Establishment overshadows the whole nation to such an extent that those who wish to be in the social swim must conform and attend the National Church. I know of cases in this country where women—I say women, because women sometimes, not always, care a little more for those things than men—where women go to churches other than Unitarian avowedly, as they tell their friends, for the sake of social prestige.

If you wish to be free, you must pay a paltry price like that even now for your liberty. Again, you must be willing to pay the price of thinking. Not a great many people do any thinking. Chauncey Depew once said that there were not more than four hundred men in New York who ever do any political thinking. I remember the story of a Senator walking in the corridors of the Capitol at Washington with his head down and his hands behind him, and a man who knew him well asked another, giving the name, "Do you know what Senator Blank is doing?" "No," replied his friend. "Well, he thinks he is thinking," was the answer. There are a great many people who think they think, but only a few think enough to have anything worthy to be called convictions in religion.

You must pay the price of thinking. You must pay the price of having your mind open until the facts and evidence are in. I have noticed that it is always the smallest type of mind that gets made up soonest. I once went to one of the finest scholars in the land, and asked him a question; and he said, "I don't know; I haven't made a careful study of it yet." Most people I meet on the street would have known all about it. We must pay the price of careful and independent thinking if we wish to enjoy the liberty of having our own ideas.

Then we must pay the price of the pain of going out from ideas that are familiar and where we are at home, of going away from personal friends, away from religious associations that are dear to us. I know a little what that means, for I fought the battle through for three dark years. I doubt not there are many men in the pulpits of this country to-day who are waiting because they have not made up their minds yet that they can pay the price of this pain which is demanded of them as the cost of perfect liberty. They cannot bear to separate themselves from old

associations, old names, old memories, and old ideas. And yet one of the last men to come out into this freedom, one who has spoken on this platform to-day, told me that he felt as if he were losing everything as he gave up one point after another; and it was only after he had surrendered the last point that he felt that he had gained a thousand times more than he had surrendered.

Why should we care so much for freedom? Why do we need freedom? For the sake of the truth. Do you know the moment a man begins to give a reason for being where he is, no matter what the church may be, that minute he has conceded the whole principle of rationalism. If reason be not the ultimate court of appeal, than there is no reason why you should not be a Mohammedan, or a Hindu, or a pagan of any type. If there is a reason why you should be this rather than that, then you have appealed to the court of reason, and to that court you must go. You have admitted that reason is supreme.

We demand freedom, then, that we may find the truth. If you assume that you have the truth already, then there is no need of freedom; but, if you concede that there is more to be discovered, then the man who is free to search, by all methods and in all fields and in all ways, is more likely to find the truth than the man who is hampered, frightened, hindered, interfered with, on every hand. We demand freedom, then, for the sake of truth.

We demand freedom for the honour of God. The truth-seeker is the only God-seeker. God is truth. The real truth of things is the expression of his thoughts and his life. If you are wedded to a theory that will not bear investigation, then you are away from God of necessity, for only the path of truth can lead to him. We need truth for the sake of man. Man can be developed intellectually, physically, morally, spiritually, only as he has liberty. So much for preliminary ideas. Now for the practical application—you know every sermon must have a practical application, to be worth anything. I suppose I am nothing if I am not a preacher. Charles Lamb was once asked by Coleridge, "Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" Lamb replied, "I n-n-n-never heard you d-do anything else." So I presume there is no one who has ever heard me speak who has heard me do anything but preach. So I want to make a practical application. I want to ask on whom is laid the duty of maintaining our freedom. Is it the duty of the minister in the pulpit, or is it the duty of the layman? I think we do not as yet half appreciate the ability and power of the layman. We have too long shouldered the responsibility of the religious life upon the ministers. I want to ask you men and you women to think on your own account and to estimate the worth of your religion. If it is not worth anything, then drop it. If it is worth more than anything else, then give yourselves and your all to it. Assert your own freedom of thinking, and then assert the freedom of the man who does not agree with you. If you grant freedom of thinking only to your friends, to those who share your ideas—have not the publicans, have not even the bigots, done so?

I propose to fight for the freedom to think of the man who is at the opposite pole of the idea which I hold; for only so can you defend liberty. If he is not at liberty to think, next week I may not be. I suppose there is no man in this country who was a greater "gold bug" during the last campaign than I was. It seemed to me that the silver craze bordered on insanity; and yet, when people in this country threatened to impeach and displace a president of a University for thinking and expressing ideas of his own, I was ready to fight for him, not because I agreed with him, but because I believe in the right of any man to hold and express his own ideas.

Man's only hope for the future is that he shall gradually outgrow his partial theories, and come more and more into possession of the truth. The hope of his personal and social development, his highest civilisation, his deepest religious development, is along this line. To acquire and maintain this freedom of thought is, then, the duty of all—a duty that none can escape, for every man and woman, in whatever station in life, is under obligation to help, the extent of which is measured only by their ability. In so doing we are giving new and higher life to man, and to God the glory due unto his name.

He who is false to a single duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw after many days when he may have forgotten its cause.

Preachers and Preaching.

BY THE TATE LECTURER.

I.

DAWSON AND DALE.

Dawson and Dale were both Birmingham men, friends and brothers in arms, who laboured mightily in the Gospel, and with a zeal that became a passion to purify the public life of the city in which they lived. They both had that inestimable gift—Personality. They were both endowed with rare powers of speech, and they were both preachers who held large and intelligent congregations together for many years in the same town. But also they were very different. Dale was much more the orator than Dawson. On the other hand, Charles Kingsley said of Dawson that he was "the finest public *talker* (not orator) in England." There was a certain stateliness and architectonic effect about the public utterances of Dale, especially in his sermons. In his speeches he could be colloquial enough. Dawson put the stateliness on one side while he button-holed his audience. He was pathetic, humorous, sarcastic, homely, indignant, tender, and all in five minutes. There was also a tremendous difference in the theological outlook of the two men. Both were alive to the destructive work of criticism and science on the old Evangelical Theology. Dale, however, strove desperately to give it a new lease of life by re-stating its terms, while Dawson threw it overboard with a sense of relief. The latter cared little for theology, but everything for religion. Dale was nothing if not a theologian, yet both left their mark deep on the best life of Birmingham.

Dawson and Dale both had that faculty which every preacher desires for himself, and which audiences desire for him—originality. Now an all important question for men who are preachers, and who are required to speak for ten, twenty, thirty, or more years to the same congregation, except as birth and death sift out a familiar form and usher in a new one, is this —Where shall new thoughts be found? Many a young man in the first agonies of production feels like replying in the language of Job:—"Man knoweth not the place thereof, neither are they found in the land of the living. The depth saith they are not in me, and the sea saith they are not with me. They are hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air. Where, oh! where shall freshness of thought be found, and where is the place of originality?" And even middle-aged ministers, of a certain sort, are not without a touch of the same lamentation at times. "Why did you leave Manchester?" was once asked of a popular light-weight Doctor of Divinity. "Because I had nothing more to say," he replied frankly, from the bottom of his heart. And five years after it was noticed that he moved again. John Bright once spoke of his political opponents on the Front Bench as "Extinct Volcanoes." Alas! that is the condition of many ministers. After the first three or four years their fires are exhausted, and nothing is left but a few dim ashes, very difficult to fan into a flame. But that is a condition in which no man need be. Life is inexhaustible, subjects are endless; the thoughts of God in nature and in human experience are more in number than the sands of the sea-shore. I courageously maintain that every mind, except a fool's, is bottomless, and that all a man has to do is to keep his eyes open, his powers alert, his heart and feeling fresh, and to penetrate with a will into the secret of generative intellectual methods.

But where do thoughts, subjects, freshness, originality come from? That, of course, is a big question, and to answer it would far outrun the limits of this paper. Undoubtedly there is a natural gift, and some men are much more prolific of thoughts than others. But no man need sink into staleness, or become an empty bucket, a squeezed-out orange, an extinct volcano, or any other image you like to use, if he will take the same means Dale and Dawson practised.

In the first place they were omnivorous readers, and what they read they assimilated. They were students to the end of their days, and all their studies and reading they turned into the pulpit. In the next place, they kept a wide acquaintance with men and things and affairs and books outside the circle of their merely professional life and studies. It is living in grooves, it is living in a narrow circle, it is being shut up in a little ecclesiastical world, which dries up thought, freshness, and originality. Dale and Dawson had a thousand interests besides those

of their Church life. They were active in many things as well as preaching. Dawson would have made a first-rate professor of English literature. Dale had a statesman's delight in affairs. They moved in wide circles.

Dawson was naturally a much more original man than Dale. He had such a wealth of ideas that he could not always get them into order—they overran one another. Hence his sermons were lacking in method and closeness of thought. He poured out a torrent of talk, not very much caring for its want of logic and continuity. Ideas and illustrations flashed in upon him while he was preaching, and drew him away from the main track, and while the hearer was struck by many good things said, the total impression was sometimes rather confused. Dawson never submitted his mind to any rigid discipline. His sermons, therefore, while a delight to his hearers, have no lasting power as literature, and are not models for the preacher.

On the other hand, Dale, without anything like the natural affluence of Dawson, while obliged to carefully husband his ideas and gather up the crumbs of thought, had the Frenchman's passion for logic, order, continuity, precision of statement and connection. Hence, with fewer ideas, he did a work of more lasting power. Dawson was a careless giver; he had so much to spend that he never stopped to count the change, nor studied how to make the most of an idea. Here was another treading on its heels! Dale having less to spend was more careful to make every shilling buy its twelve pennyworth of bread Corinna reproaches the youthful Pindar with prodigality—"sowing with the whole sack," not with a handful at a time. It is a generous fault, but a fault nevertheless.

The most conspicuous merit in the preaching of both lay in their passionate, emphatic, and reiterated insistence on ethics. This, it is true, was not Dale's estimate of his own strength. He believed in the duty of preaching dogma; he dosed his congregation with tremendous Theological discourses; he loved the play of the intellect on the great problems of Theology. It was his ambition to restate the terms of Evangelical Orthodoxy, so as to make it secure against science and criticism. It is as a Theologian he lives in literature. But as the minister for forty years of a great congregation his real strength and hold on them lay in quite another direction. It may be doubted whether any but a very small proportion of his congregation was able to follow the long reasoned processes of his Theological argumentation. They were like the old lady in Dr. Martineau's congregation who "would not presume to understand so great a man." Dale's congregation suffered the Theological discourses they did not understand for the sake of his other qualities—his manliness, his unaffected piety, his unfailing good sense, and above all, his splendid setting forth of morality, and the convincing way he had of bringing religion to bear on all the problems of life and conduct.

This is how his biographer writes:—

During the earlier years of his ministry his chief aim had been to establish the central doctrines of the Christian revelation.

His interest in theology and in theological speculation was profound, and when he turned aside to other themes it was with a certain reluctance and regret. But now, as he became more familiar with the needs and the perils of his people, Christian morality began to assert its claims to an equal place. The ethical element became more conspicuous in his preaching; and the discovery that some of those who listened to him were disposed to resent a sermon "on weights and measures," as they described it, and the exclusion of several members from church fellowship on account of irregularities in business, deepened his conviction that it was as necessary to dwell upon Christian conduct as upon Christian truth. He had not ignored these duties before, but he had given them a secondary and subordinate place in his teaching. Now he brought them into the front rank, made them prominent, treated them as primary, forcing it home to heart and conscience that faith and fraud are incompatible; that "the connection between right living and a lofty spirituality is so close that it is vain for any of us to implore God to sanctify us in our religious affections if we are not striving for sanctity in our ordinary life."

In sermons, in addresses, and in letters, he reiterated the same lesson. He was not unaware of the difficulties and the dangers that beset the minister who attempted to deal with the practical problems of daily life. Had it been possible, he would have liked to give up the pulpit now and then to some solicitor, banker, or merchant, who could have spoken both in warning and rebuke with the authority that only experience can command. Habit and custom stood in the way; nor are most men of business capable of addressing a large assembly; he had to do the work himself. With this end in view he set himself to study the inner working of the shop, the office, and the factory; and in course of time his knowledge of business principles and methods, and even details, was so thorough that it often surprised those whom he consulted and those who consulted him. One young man says: "He seemed to know more about business, with its temptations and cares, than most men. I could not help

feeling that I could not tell him anything about it which he did not know already." Another adds: "No young man asked him for advice who did not get more than he asked for in wise, sagacious counsel, which not only covered the circumstances of the moment, but was of life-long value." Some of the precepts which he enforced with all his energy are worth recalling.

"The eleventh commandment," he used to say, "is, Thou shalt make a balance-sheet." In the same way, with a wealth of illustration drawn from actual life, he would insist that "No man has a right to enter business on his own account with insufficient capital." This was sound doctrine for young men eager to escape from service and to set up for themselves, excited by dreams of sudden success. Many preachers reserve their rebuke for dishonesty, in its open and avowed forms; but while he never failed to denounce offences of that kind, his indignation was roused by the folly and the recklessness which are often as ruinous and as criminal as dishonesty itself. His words carried all the more weight because he never shut his eyes to the facts of life. He never disparaged wealth, or slighted the qualities by which it is acquired. He did not tell men that it is a sin to make money, or to take pleasure in making it. He knew how strong a force wealth exerts; how it fascinates and enthralls; how the passion for it, if left uncontrolled, takes possession of a man's whole being. To expel an instinct so deeply rooted in human nature is impossible; the attempt to expel it savours of—Manicheism. But, though not expelled, the instinct may be held in check; and if so restrained, it can be only by some force of even greater power. Such a force, such a motive, Christian faith and Christian loyalty can supply. The man who consecrates the hours of business as truly as the hours of prayer, who carries on his secular calling as the servant of Christ, is safeguarded against the incitement to evil that beset other men, and there is no sure defence besides this.

It is still more interesting to turn to Dale on Dawson in this connection, *i.e.*, the preaching of Ethics. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Dawson, written soon after his death, Dale said:—

The most conspicuous merit of Dawson's preaching consisted in the charm and vigour with which he insisted on the every-day duties of life. There was nothing to restrain him from giving his moral teaching the most practical and effective forms. His style, which he had created for himself, was so elastic and so various that he was at liberty to call the commonest things by their commonest names. There was no artificial stateliness of manner to be sustained, and he could therefore talk to his congregation about "Avery's" scales, and about yard measures, about tea and sugar, about adulterated mustard, about butter, half of which was fat; about stocktaking and buying credit, about all the details and doings of a scoundrel who had been tried a day or two before for his transactions in connection with a fraudulent joint-stock company, about dress and jewellery, about dinners and evening parties, about all the follies and sins and varieties of the day. This made his sermons effective. Men of business knew what he meant when he talked about honest trading. Women knew what he meant when he talked about simplicity of living. Masters and servants, parents and children, all had their turn, and could hardly miss the intentions of his lessons. He was not satisfied with insisting on the duty of being unselfish; he attacked the selfishness which would not have municpal work that happened to be unpleasant. He was not satisfied with glorifying patriotism; he glorified the courage of men who committed themselves to a righteous political cause in its unpopular days, instead of waiting for the hour of its triumph.

The strength of his moral teaching was largely derived from the firmness of his own conviction that the laws which govern human life are not to be evaded; that they assert their authority with relentless severity; that it is of no use to try to cheat them; that they have no pity; that we must obey them or suffer the consequences of our disobedience. He insisted with a frequency, an earnestness, an energy, which showed the depth of his own sense of the importance of this part of his teaching, that what a man sows he must also reap—no matter though he has sown ignorantly or carelessly; that the facts of the physical and moral universe have a stern reality, and that if we refuse to hear and recognise the facts, the best intentions are unavailing. The iron girder must be strong enough to bear the weight that is put upon it, or else it will give way—no matter whether the girder is meant to support the roof of a railway station, or the floor of a church, or the gallery of a theatre. . . . The facts of the universe are steadfast and not to be changed by human fancies and follies; the laws of the universe are relentless, and will not relax in the pressure of human weakness, or give way under the pressure of human passion and force.

So far we have been considering features and elements of likeness in the preaching of the two men. It may be still more interesting to consider some points of difference.

(*To be continued next month*).

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Dr. Martineau on the Christian Name.

"We often hear it said that, where there is agreement about things, it is idle to waste discussion upon names; and it has been pronounced a matter of indifference whether liberal-minded church reformers organise themselves in 'Free Religious Union' or in 'Free Christian Union.' The remark has neither reason nor experience on its side. In the world of physical objects, it is true, things dominate over names, and can take care of themselves, while their vocabulary shifts. But in the world of ideas, in philosophy, in morals, in religion, words dominate over things, and in their significance are even identical with things, and are as much the living organism of thought as the wing and throat of the bird are the conditions of action for its especial nature. . . . . The word 'Christian' is the casket which holds for human thought the supreme treasures of the inner life of man, and the most precious gems of his external civilisation; and, when all has been emptied out from it which false zeal and mistaken piety have stored there for safe keeping, there yet remains in the catholic genius of the religion, the richest historic deposit with which Providence has blessed the world. To part with that word, and throw ourselves upon philosophy to weave us a substitute, would be to interrupt the past in its creation of the future, and not only to migrate to unreclaimed countries, but to sink the old native land, that we might do so. Part as we may with what once was demanded by the Church, there is something—and that, too, the very holiest influence in life—that is still with us; and this residuary truth, this divine spirit, which emerges from the mixed inheritance of Christendom when all that is perishable has been discharged, does but own its descent, and look up with fitting reverence to its fountain-head, when it claims the name of Christian."

Lent in Belgravia

For some seasons back, the "mode" has been growing, and this year it may be taken as the surest evidence of belonging to the uppermost stratum of society to decline to go to balls between Ash Wednesday and Easter Monday—to wear "a mortified bonnet," and to renounce the heady delights of champagne for the milder dissipation of still hock. With young gentlemen it is "good form," and with young ladies *de rigeur*, to look grave and solemn, to dress in mourning—from the "Temporary Affliction," not the "Total Bereavement," counter—and to regard any ancient old uncle, who proposes to give a ball or take a box at the theatre, as Tertullian did the audacious fiend who suggested to him the iniquity of a bath. Of course, there are many delicate *nuances* in the Lenten austerities of the masculine and feminine devotees.

A gentleman, whose "chef" might cook for a banquet on Olympus, seasons his "*maigre*," but exquisite, repasts with "still" champagne, substituted, after profound reflection, for the ebullient and "sparkling" vintage, as altogether more decorous, if a trifle more delicate. Ladies who cannot make up their minds to sprinkle ashes on their chignons, yet visibly reduce the superstructure of their fair young heads, and perhaps the sub-structure of their pretty little feet. Elderly ladies, having heard from the lips of the Prophet of the Hour that they ought also to mortify themselves by curtailing the amount of jewellery exhibited on their persons, meekly follow the counsel, without remarking that it has been obviously derived from a theory of female nature founded on careful study of their housemaids dressed for a Sunday walk, to whom the question of brooch, or no brooch, is of vital interest. In a word, a certain haze pervades all the regions west of Regent Street, and hovers, as the November fogs usually do, with deeper gloom over Belgravia. But there are numberless instances where things are carried further than this. Fasting, indeed, though extensively practised, is not adopted to any extent calculated to cause serious alarm for the health of the fair and fashionable penitents, for London doctors are peremptory about regular meals, and there are certain well-known comfortable counsellors in the profession who are never long out of any of the splendid mansions south of Knightsbridge, and who would be summoned directly by papa or mamma were dear Lady Angelina to be detected neglecting her *entrées* and *rôtis* for two days in succession. But there are plenty of things to be

done in the way of penance without ruining one's digestion and complexion together by excessive severities. To get up early in the morning (the early hours are still chilly at this season of the year) and attend "matins" is always a point gained, but it is possible to make a good deal more of the act, and elevate it quite into the region of asceticism, by the now fashionable practice of dusting and sweeping out the churches preparatory to that service. The use of the besom is not familiar to the hands of high-born damsels, the pounding and shaking of hassocks and cushions is laborious, and dust in general is disagreeable. All these things, of course, fill the amateur housemaids (or rather Churchmaids) with a delightful sense of doing something at once novel and meritorious. Nor even do such severe exercises exhaust the zeal of the most devoted. Many of us remember the picture in *Punch* of the little girl clasping her hands, and saying to her mother, when she hears the cook is discharged, "Oh, then, Mamma, Mamma! *at last* I may be allowed to clean the door-steps!" This "desire of a life-time" can hardly be shared by many ladies of more advanced years, but one lady of rank has, it is said, inaugurated the practice of scrubbing in person the steps of a church.

Can we wish for more? Can humility and devotion any further go? Yes! we venture to think. The religious feelings of our young ladies—genuine, we doubt not, in the main, even if sadly spoiled by the fooleries of fashion—deserve to be turned, by the teachers they run after with sheep-like docility, into some far healthier channels. It is a fact, little suspected, but unerringly true, that the extremity of luxury always creates a certain morbid desire for asceticism. Nature seems to ask for a corrective bitter when cloyed by excess of sweets. Instead of a real self-denial, it is a real relief to suffer sometimes a little inconvenience or a trifling pain. What is the lesson to be drawn from such a law? Certainly not that we are, in such circumstances, to play at asceticism and call it self-sacrifice, but to turn to some real work for God and for mankind, and, instead of keeping the mind centred on itself, to raise it up to aims capable of kindling in our souls such a flame as to burn out self-indulgence; in a word, to fight our besetting sins, not on their own level, but above it. Of course there is a very great practical difficulty as regards young women of the class of which we have been speaking, in finding any such real, unselfish work, or what Keble prayed for—

> "Room to deny ourselves; a road
> To lead us daily nearer God."

But it is the business of their guides to counsel both them and their parents how best this may be done, not to supply them with fictitious stimulants and substitutes for such food and exercise of the soul. Many a wise father and mother would gladly aid their daughters' desire either to do some useful work in London—such as workhouse visiting, or the excellent undertaking of the Association for Befriending Young Servants—or would agree to shorten the Season at both ends, or to keep them for a year or two, in youth's growing hours, without the perilous hot-house forcing of its excitement. We do not marvel at the thirst of women of the wealthiest class for something which shall at least seem to belong to a truer and holier life than the one in whose eddies they are swept like leaves on an autumn torrent. We think the women who feel such a longing, even when it displays itself in the grotesque and half-comic forms we have signalized, infinitely more respectable than the mere pleasure-seeking, "fast" and slangy "Girl of the Period," who stands in the opposite camp. But all the more we earnestly desire that those religious aspirations, which are the sparks of divine light in the soul, should be applied to kindle the altar fire of a noble life; not to blaze up for six weeks in such tinder as the dusting of hassocks, the renunciation of trinketry, or even the scrubbing of a church door-step.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

In this world it is not what we *take* up but what we *give* up makes us rich.

It is understood that the discernment of beauty becomes true and delicate, as though a new sense was created, through familiarity with the great masterpieces of art. So moral discernment and moral delicacy are reached through familiarity with Jesus, the masterpiece of fine and lofty morality

OUR ANCIENT CHAPELS.

The Abbey Chapel, Tavistock.

"About the middle of the Seventeenth Century, the living of Tavistock being vacant, the Earl of Bedford promised to present and pay any minister whom the inhabitants should choose. They accordingly fixed upon Mr. Thomas Larkham, who in early life had been compelled by the tyranny of the bishops to take refuge in New England, but returned to his native land just at this period.

"While labouring with great zeal and success he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity. His attached congregation, unwilling to be deprived of his services, applied in their perplexity to the Countess of Bedford, who was pre-eminently distinguished by pious and amiable qualities.

"Her ladyship not only listened to their application with much kindness, but solicited the Earl to allow them an asylum in some vacant apartment of the Abbey, and he complied with her request by granting them the free use of the Refectory as their place of worship. He also ordered an annuity of ten pounds to be paid for promoting the objects of the society. From that time to the present the congregation have continued to assemble in this venerable building, and the annuity has been regularly paid."—*Murch's "Churches in the West of England."*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

No preacher need fear that he will exhaust his substance of thought if he will only draw his inspirations from actual human life. There the inexhaustible God pours depths and endless variety of truth and experience; and the true thinker is but a shorthand writer endeavouring to repeat the discourse of God. Shall a child on the banks of the Amazon fear lest he should drink up the stream?

The Practice of Asceticism.

Asceticism came from the East to the West, and, until to-day, is much more widely spread in Oriental lands than in Europe. The Easterns have in their favour a temperature which predisposes to a life of lazy contemplation, renders abstinence from food easy, and want of clothes a positive luxury. It is said that the Asiatic can support existence on air, water, and a lettuce! Certainly the pre-eminence of the Oriental ascetics may be safely ascribed to the influence of climate. That pre-eminence has always been very marked. There is an amusing passage in the Dialogues of Sulpitius, wherein a Western monk, just returned from the East, tells the brethren of his monastery of the extreme abstemiousness of the Asiatic hermits. He says that he sat down with four other monks to a dinner composed of half a barley cake and a few herbs. This was deemed "*prandium locupletissimum;*" what, therefore, must the ordinary diet be? He proceeds to twit his brethren upon their inordinate appetites, but is met by the extremely sensible observation, that "hearty eating in a Greek is gluttony, but in a Gaul—nature;"

The Christian hermits are generally supposed to have attained the greatest eminence in that branch of Asceticism which relates to the eradication of social tendencies. There were various degrees of austerity in the practices of these men. Some of them lived in the Lauras, or circles of detached cells of which Kingsley has given a rose-coloured picture in the opening chapter of "Hypatia;" others inhabited solitary huts, or took possession of caves and tombs. With these may be compared the Druse Okals of the present day, one sect of whom establish their Holowas, or cells, on the summits of the highest mountain of Lebanon. Though these heights are covered with snow during a considerable part of the year, the Okal restricts himself to a mat for his bed, a stone for his pillow, and a coarse woollen robe for his garment. His privations must be considerable; but, like all the ascetics hitherto mentioned, he indulges in the luxury of a settled habitation. The notion of surrendering all shelter does not appear to have occurred even to the ancient Cynic. Diogenes ordered a cell to be prepared for him, and only took to his tub in disgust at some delay in obeying his behest; and if, as has been surmised, that tub was a wine-cask, the contents of which the philosopher had previously consumed, it would really afford no bad lodging. The credit of inventing the new misery of utter homelessness is probably due to certain sects of the early hermits. Among these the most distinguished were the Grazers, on whom St. Ephraim is said to have written a panegyric. These exalted beings not only abandoned human society for that of the beasts, but actually imitated the habits of their brute companions, and grazed with the herds in the fields of Mesopotamia. Of course, silence, as an obvious means of checking social propensities, was not neglected by the ascetics. Many of the brethren of the Lauras passed years without uttering a word. Apollonius Tyanæus is said to have lived six years without speaking. Sozomen tells of a monk, greatly renowned as a linguist, who remained silent for thirty years. A most sensible course was adopted by the Essenes, who made it a rule that everyone should only be permitted to speak in his turn.

The passion for solitude necessarily involved the destruction of all ties of natural affection. The hermit recognised no family relations, and acknowledged no social duties. He exulted in the extirpation of the human weakness which attaches a child to its parent or a brother to his sister. St. Euphrosyne, at the age of eighteen years, deserted her husband and father, assumed male attire, and entered a monastery. For thirty-eight years she remained immured in her cell. Her husband appears to have borne his loss with equanimity; but her father was deeply afflicted. After seeking his daughter far and near, he at last succeeded in discovering her retreat. She granted him an interview, at which she appeared in disguise; and, in answer to his passionate pleadings, she coldly replied that some day he should see his child again. She redeemed her promise by appearing at his death-bed.

It is needless to say that the relation of husband and wife was sternly discountenanced by the ascetics. St. Gregory Nyssen, indeed, is kind enough to apologise for marriage as being a necessary evil, inasmuch as it may be the means of bringing into the world those who may serve

and please God. The Essenes, too, were constrained to recognise this painful fact, and St. Jerome, on one occasion, ventured to suggest that there might be some merit in the institution, since if there were no children there could be no virgins; but, in general, the greatest contempt was expressed for the feeble souls who married, and were given in marriage. According to some of the early Fathers, marriage is "a doctrine of the devil." Cyprian held the unmarried to be "*illustrior portio gregis Christi*," and St. Jerome taught that to cut down, by the axe of virginity, the wood of marriage, is the end of the saint. It was natural that a portion of the censure bestowed on marriage should fall on the sex to whose fascinations the prevalence of the institution was ascribed. Chrysostom described woman as a "necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill!" "The touch of a woman," said St. Jerome, "is to be avoided like the bite of a mad dog." St. Jordan severely reprimanded a monk for having touched a woman's hand. "But she is a pious woman," pleaded the culprit. "No matter," replied the saint, "earth is good, and water is also good; but if these two elements are united, the result is mud." Many of the hermits rigidly avoided the sight of the "necessary evils;" and it is said that St. John of Lycopolis lived for forty-eight years without looking on the face of woman. The Christians of Syria advanced a step further by refusing to eat the flesh of any female animal; but the most distinguished position in the celibate galaxy must be assigned to the pagans of Siam, who made it a rule never to keep hens, because those useful birds belong to the female sex!

The commonest mode of Asceticism is abstinence from food; and this is certainly the most highly-developed branch of the science. The means and degree of the mortification of the appetite for food are infinitely varied. Perhaps the rule of the ancient Father, "to eat food with groans," may represent the lowest stage in the spiritual ladder. A higher position must be assigned to the practices recommended in a modern work, entitled "The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Piety." This valuable directory informs us that, during Lent, a professional person may be allowed dripping and lard, but must go through the earlier part of the day on a little cocoa, without sugar, and dry bread. On the same platform may be placed the Essenes, who ate nothing but coarse bread with salt, and a little hyssop "for those of nicer stomach." A higher position must be accorded to the Druse Okals, whose only food is "an atom of dry bread twice a day." Twelve ounces of bread a-day was the ordinary allowance of each of the Egyptian hermits. One saint managed to survive on a daily fare of six ounces of bread and a few herbs; and, if we may believe St. Jerome, another distinguished character lived in a hole, and restricted himself to a diet of five figs a-day! The accounts of the lengthened fasts endured by the more eminent ascetics are certainly somewhat trying to our feeble faith. Philo assures his readers that the Essenes, "for six days together, scarce taste of any necessary food, being nourished, as they say a sort of grasshopper is, by the air in which they live; the melody of their hymns, as I suppose, rendering the want of food easy and supportable unto them." It is recorded of a celebrated saint, called John, that he never sat down for three years, and during the whole of that time partook of no nourishment except the Sacrament, which he received on Sundays. The foremost place among these ascetics must, however, be assigned to the Cathari, a sect of the Gnostics, some of whom are said to have perished in the attempt to live without eating.

Not only in the quantity but in the quality of food there was opportunity afforded for the mortification of the flesh. Lupicinus, the founder of the monastery of Caudat in the Jura, when his monks were cooking separate dishes of fish and vegetables, threw both into one cauldron; and when several of the more squeamish brethren quitted the monastery in disgust, he calmly remarked that it was the chaff separating itself from the wheat." St. Sabinus, of Egypt, would eat nothing but corn reduced to a state of decay by long steeping in water.

The eradication of personal vanity was a principal object of the ascetic. His clothes were of the coarsest description, and were usually worn until they dropped off, or fell to pieces from age. The Eastern monks not unfrequently dispensed with these incumbrances. At one monastery, according to Evagrius, the singularly ingenious

device was adopted of keeping a single suit of clothes, which was worn by each monk in succession. The anxious desire of the ascetic to render his appearance repulsive, naturally led him to avoid external cleanliness. Like Queen Etheldreda, he was so well washed in heart, that he never washed his person. I shall spare my readers the loathsome details of the practices of those hermits of whom the Irish saint, who grew a crop of corn on his head, may be considered the chief. I may, however, quote in conclusion an incident related in the Life of Madame Guyon. After that celebrated lady had taken the small-pox, she was urged to apply to her face a preparation which it was believed would restore her complexion. "The first impulse of my mind," she says, "was to test its merits in my own case. But God, jealous of his work, would not suffer it . . . . Fearful of offending God by setting myself against the designs of his providence, I was obliged to lay aside the remedies which were brought me. I was under the necessity of going into the open air, which made the hollows of my face worse. As soon as I was able, I did not hesitate to go into the streets and places where I had been accustomed to go formerly, in order that my humilation might triumph in the very places where my unholy pride had been exalted." The gentle devotee of Mysticism little thought that in thus attempting to mortify her inclinations, she was in reality yielding to one of the most widespread and powerful of natural impulses—the mysterious passion for Ascetism.

Invalids Past and Present.

In these days invalids are no longer allowed to remain serenely supine and hopeless upon their backs, but are roused to some disciplinary action, some monastic mortification, every two hours. They are either condemned to unmitigated seclusion without the excitement of devout contemplation, and to a system of self-love in Jaeger garments, ignobler than any sackcloth abnegation; or to a course of over-eating (how much more humiliating than the solemn Fast!) upon chopped raw meat and niggardly sips of hot water; or to the flagellations of the masseur, who rubs them recklessly as often the wrong way as the right; or, worse still, to abrupt alternations between strenuous gymnastic exercise and bed. And all this with or without any vocation on their part, so that they have not even the comforts of divine inspiration, or of human respect, far less of posthumous sainthood.

Before we proceed, it may be advisable to say that by the term "invalid" we mean no robust prey to fever or epidemic, with an approved ninth day and a twelfth "in another room," but rather the chronic sufferer, whose days are not his own, who cannot rely even upon himself, and who permanently resides in what has been called "the flat swamp of convalescence," without any definite prospect of getting out of it. This sort of character, in its modern phase, makes away with the long cherished invalid of fiction, the Sunday heroine with the spinal complaint who never tries to get better, whose skin is always transparent, whose smile is always sweet, and whose self-controlled brow only occasionally contracts with a vague pain, whilst her couch is the centre of domestic sympathy. Resignation is as much out of date as spinal complaints, and illness is not now recognised by such primitive signs as pallor or emaciation, but rather by subtle symptoms of the eye or mouth, of temper, or of spirits. Delicate ladies no longer smile as continually as villains, but suffer from irritation and depression, and have to be "put up with" instead of preaching from their sofa-pulpits.

But these were the invalids of ladylike days in the 'forties. Far different, and still farther removed from those of our own age, were the sufferers of earlier and more vigorous times. They underwent the same ills, but these had no name. None called them neurotic, or surrounded them with medical metaphysics; and the victims, far from being forbidden to talk of their symptoms, derived much innocent distraction from comparing their maladies with those of others. "An indigestion" (to quote Hazlitt) "is an excellent commonplace for two people that never met before;" and Swift declares that he never felt any such friendship as for the old lady who had the same complaint as himself, and discussed with him all its possible remedies. Those were the good old days when a doctor urged a prescription upon

a patient and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said that he had had one gentleman with a like complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years. People were both too simple and too robust at that jolly date—and too unashamed of their fads and foibles—to make life duller by the creation of unnecessary reticences. There was an easy, generous freemasonry amongst the victims which we should do well to imitate. It would require some courage in our days to behave like the stout valetudinarian—the passionate votary of the turf—who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail and see a race. He had none of our poor-blooded modern shame to spoil his downy repose; and none of our pusillanimity in becoming well when he saw that it was worth while. Enjoyment—uncomplicated by regard to the opinion of others—was the sole motor of his existence. "What else is it," writes the immortal convalescent, Charles Lamb, "but a magnificent dream for a man to be abed . . . and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse . . . He has put on the strong armour of sickness . . . He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations. He makes the most of himself . . . he is his own sympathiser; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him."

This brings us to the maladies of genius; and, indeed, it has seldom been without them. The greatest geniuses—Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Montaigne—have doubtless been as healthy as they were sane; Homer can never have been ill or in need of herbal diet. The Greek invalid, however, is too remote a being to contribute aught to our reflections. But the less balanced—the specialist geniuses, poets and thinkers—who develop one faculty at the expense of others, are usually the victims of suffering, and of suffering peculiar to themselves—profound physical distresses, hardly to be distinguished from mental grief. "God have mercy on us!" cries Coleridge to Southey. "We are all sick, all mad, all slaves! It is a theory of mine that virtue and genius are diseases of the hypochondriacal and scrofulous genera, and exist in a peculiar state of the nerves and diseased digestion, analogous to the beautiful diseases that colour and variegate certain trees. However, I add, by way of comfort, that it is my faith that the virtue and genius produce the disease, not the disease the virtue." None had a better right to know than this tortured victim of his own nerves. And slender is our right to blame him if he became their slave and used slavish means to avert misery. It would surely be more courteous in us to dwell upon the bounties of geniuses enjoyed by us, than upon the injuries which they did to themselves. Besides, when all is said and done, how abundantly they achieved in spite of their bodies, helped by the vigorous old standard of bodily ills, which made them complain of them much, discuss them little, and work in the teeth of them. The modern system of neurotic repose might in itself go some way towards preventing this from being an age of real literary achievement. Had Swift consulted a modern doctor about his headaches, he would have been cut off all correspondence—especially with Stella—and sent abroad with a nurse (poor Dean! still poorer ministrant!); Jean-Jacques would have been forbidden to talk of himself, and the "Confessions" taken away from him; Pascal carefully kept from religious exitement, rigorously prevented from fasting, and minutely instructed as to the nervous nature of his nocturnal vision—that *abime* which opened each night by his bedside and stamped his eloquence with the fervent brand of suffering; Cowper would neither have been allowed to drink tea nor to live with the sympathetic Mrs. Unwin; whilst not only would Dr. Johnson have seen the same cheering cup dashed from his lips, but he would have been sent to bed punctually at ten, and denied the fatigues of conversation for more than half an hour at a time. Carlyle is perhaps the one great man whose medium of expression tallied with his constitution, acting both as symptom and relief. And many prophets have doubtless had vile digestions, of which we have only not heard because a prophet, of necessity, has no family life.

The pioneer of modern invalids and first acknowledged sufferer from a nervous illness

(with countless complications) was perhaps Miss Martineau, who has left us a detailed account of her health in her "Autobiography" and a Baedeker for invalids in her "Thoughts in a Sick Room." She wore, however, a pretty broad phylactery on her sick-room wrapper, canonised herself, and behaved as no invalid will ever behave again or has ever behaved in the past—unless it were Minerva, after the overstrain of the Trojan campaign. She sent away her friends and only kept a servant, who could not contradict her; she received jokes from Sydney Smith and condolences from Cabinet Ministers by every post; she harboured Blue Books instead of blue devils, and only permitted thoughts of herself when her reflections might help humanity. She was, so to speak, the vestal virgin of invalids, and it is an indignity to the whole order when we find her flightily cured in a month, by a plausible mesmerist, who restores her by a magnetic conjuring trick to all the pride of her health. What a fall is there from "the regal solitude of the sick bed!"

But the average sufferer—the undergraduate in that art—will do well to cull what wisdom he may both from this lady's experience and from that of others. He will martriculate when he has once grasped the humiliating fact that the invalid possesses only one tense—the present. The past, the only test to which he has been accustomed to refer all experience, he must summarily abolish; the future must not exist for him. He must consent to live as a Philosopher without the dignity of a philosophy, subject to "all the untidiness of illness," as Madame Swetchine, the invalid of French social life, once described it. Heights of experience such as these are not gained in a day. The first principle in the science of Couch Lore is not so metaphysical. It is simpler and more arduous, but none the less indispensable; the only golden law by which he must abide, and this it is: First, he must find out what he *cannot* do and never do it; then he must find out what he can do, and do it as if he had never been ill at all. Genius cannot compass the first or negative condition, and ignores all limitations whether of tense or otherwise; the ordinary invalid cannot manage the second or positive, and too often sinks into flabby insignificance and passive mediocrity. Æsculapius steer all luckless invalids safely between Scylla and Charybdis, and bring them as speedily as may be into the calm waters of normal existence! E. S.

An Understudy.

The Devil's hoofs were muddy—
With sleep his eyes were dim;
He sought an understudy
To play his part for him,
Whilst he took rest and washed and dressed
Within his palace grim.

"Although I am expected
To need a breathing space,
No duty is neglected
Till someone fills my place,
And works," quoth he, "such ill for me
That evil grows apace."

There was a pious woman
Who dwelt beneath the sun:
In willing service no man
Did more than she had done;
She strove to preach, to train and teach,
And counsel everyone.

She clothed the poor and needy
In suitable attire;
She nursed the sick and seedy
And raised them from the mire;
No godly work she seemed to shirk,
No pleasure to desire.

Yet lightened she her labours
(So-called) of Christian love,
By stories of her neighbours
Too subtle to disprove.
She roared as sweet, this dame discreet
As any sucking dove.

She cheered each dry committee
With tales of absent folk,
And let nor truth nor pity
Impair her little joke;
Till loves were soiled and lives were spoiled
By every word she spoke.

With talk her tasks beguiling,
She blackened people's names;
Nor dreamed that such reviling
Annulled her saintly claims,
And turned to nought the good she wrought—
(According to Saint James).

The Devil saw the matron
And merrily cried he—
"I'm proud to be the patron
Of gossips such as she!
Whilst I lie still she'll work my will
And be my deputy."

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Little White Butterfly.

It was such a pretty garden, with gravel walks, and plots of velvety grass, and beds full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, quaint-faced pansies, rosy sweet-peas, fragrant mignonette, and dainty larkspurs; pure lilies, and roses, heavy-headed and beautiful. And the little white butterfly was very happy, though only a little common, garden insect, just the kind one sees everywhere. But what did that matter? Could he not enjoy the sweets of the lavender and the honeysuckle side by side with the Red Admirals and the Painted Ladies? or choose the rose-petals for his couch, with the Peacock butterfly and the Tiger moth?

But, one day, there appeared in the garden a magnificent fellow, a great Purple Emperor butterfly. Oh! how splendid he looked, now dancing over the briar bushes, now resting on the syringa, his gorgeous, purple wings glistening in the sunshine.

Our little, white hero admired him immensely, and fluttered round him at a respectful distance. One day, Purple Emperor noticed him, and curling up his antennael with scorn, remarked:

"Dear me! There are plenty of you white fellows about; common almost as gnats, ar'nt you? Do get away, you are too vulgar to look at."

The white butterfly fluttered into the shade, his feelings too hurt to answer.

That evening he settled on one of the loveliest of the roses in the garden—a great blushing, dewy thing, tenderly nestled in its own green leaves, and told her all his trouble.

"Help me, dear rose," he murmured, "to be as beautiful as a Purple Emperor. I am weary of being a common white butterfly. Why, even the Gate-keepers and the Chalk-hill Blues who come here sometimes have colour about them. Why should I be different?"

"Foolish insect!" replied the rose, "why your very plainness and commonness keeps you from harm. The rare butterflies undergo risks of capture you insignificent ones know nothing about. However, have your way. Go to the old Dragon-fly, who lives by the stream in yonder meadow. He is an artist and will assist you."

Next morning, the foolish little white thing followed the rose's counsel, and roused the old Dragon-fly from his slumbers at an early hour.

The Dragon-fly laughed at the eager butterfly, but on our white friend promising to stock his larder with flies, consented to help him.

He accordingly ordered his servant, a humble little gnat, to bring him his paints and brushes, and then, bidding white butterfly stretch his wings, he carefully painted them with purple and gold.

Our little friend could hardly believe he was the same insect, when he gazed at his reflection in the clear streamlet, and, oh, how stiff and uncomfortable he felt! However, his pride was gratified, and, thanking the artist dragon-fly, flew back to his companions.

But they, with their simple white wings, shrank from this grand fellow.

"You look so strange and fine," they said, "and don't seem one of us."

This affronted White Butterfly; he joined the gayer insects, and even settled triumphantly, side by side, with Purple Emperor on a white rose bush.

Alas! Pride must have a fall. Horace, the nine year old son of the owner of the pretty garden, spied the two, enjoying the sweets of the white roses, their wings glancing and glistening in the summer sun. He came swiftly but noiselessly, up to them, his eyes shining with excitement. Then a green, gauzy shade came over the two insects. Purple Emperor, on feeling the net, soared high over the boy's head, but, alas, for our little friend! He was captured, and vainly did he beat his pretty painted wings against the gauze! It was useless, he was a prisoner, and little Horace hurried with his prize through the French windows of a pretty morning room.

"Auntie Blanche," he cried, "I've got such a beauty! Just look at his purple wings and golden head! I suppose its a Purple Emperor. I wish father was home to give him some chloroform, and help me to mount him for my collection."

Oh, Horace! How can you?" and Auntie Blanche, who was very young and pretty herself, looked pityingly at the helpless little captive, lying at the bottom of the net.

Horace grew rather red. He loved Auntie Blanche dearly, but oh, he did like butterfly collecting!

"All boys do," he said, presently, avoiding his Aunt's blue eyes.

"It's so cruel," said Auntie Blanche, "they live for such a little while, and, Horace, they are God's creatures just as much as your Persian kitten or your canary."

Horace was silent, and then, whether he moved his hand that held the gauze together, or whether there was a small hole in the net, I cannot tell, but at any rate, White Butterfly escaped, so glad, poor, little, panting, trembling thing, to be in the open air again.

He flew straight to the streamlet, where old Master Dragon-fly was sunning himself on the top of a bull-rush.

"Halloo!" he said, on seeing the butterfly. "I thought as much. Your painted wings and golden head have go you into trouble, eh! Master Butterfly."

"I've managed to escape," panted White Butterfly, "and oh, Master Dragon-fly, do take away this dreadful paint! I am so weary, so terrified. How happy I was when only a plain, white insect!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Dragon-fly, who was a spiteful, hard old fellow. "Not if I know it, my friend! As you've made your bed, so must you lie on it;" and saying this, the Dragon-fly flitted over the hedge out of slight.

Too worn out with fatigue and fright, to fly any further, our poor little hero sank down upon a little bed of velvety moss to rest and recover himself. Presently, something touched his wings, and he saw by his side a

white butterfly, one of his companions with whom he had often played in the garden.

"Is anything the matter?" enquired this white butterfly of our friend. "You seem in trouble."

"Indeed, I am!" moaned White Butterfly. "In my foolish pride, I wanted to be like a Purple Emperor, and asked the artist Dragon-fly of yonder stream to paint me, But my gorgeous wings have only served to entrap me; already I have been captured, and though this time I managed to escape, I shall be in constant danger and must dwell alone and hidden from man's eye.

"Nonsense!" said the other white butterfly, briskly. "I think you have been very foolish, but I won't desert you in time of need, as you are a brother of mine. Lie still, I'll be back in a moment.

So he was, and brought a Gate-keeper to help him. Then these two gently washed away the purple and gold from the poor, stiff wings with dew from a buttercup close at hand, and brushed them with thistle down. How happy was White Butterfly when he found himself once more a plain, white insect.

Full of gratitude to his friends, he stretched his wings, and flew back to his happy home to dwell there contentedly for the rest of his short summer life.

MABEL GAGE PARSONS.

Seed Corn.

Reason can tell how love affects us, but cannot tell what love is.

He grieves more than is necessary who grieves before it is necessary.

What heroism there sometimes is in simply holding the tongue.

The love that is dumb until it speaks on a tombstone speaks too late.

Character is inspired not by precepts but by the influence of one soul over another.

Iron near a magnet becomes magnetic. Hearts that dwell with Christ become Christlike.

God asks us not whether we will accept life. That is not the choice. You *must* live it. The only choice is *how*.

The service of angels in heaven's brightness is no more radiant than faithful duty-doing of the lowliest saint on earth.

It was a true deep thought of the old painters when they drew John as likest of all the twelve to Jesus. For love makes us like.

The Bible is the most betrashed book in the world. Coming to it through commentaries is much like looking at a landscape through garret windows, over which generations of spiders have spun their webs.

The new thing in Christianity is not the teaching, but its fulfilment. The same truths had been heard before, but never before had they been lived out and wrought out in the life of one of the sons of men.

Nothing is so pale, so paralytic, so cold, so nerveless as moral precepts that are nothing else. It is when they come to us breathing warm human truth in a saint, a lover, a friend, a Christ, that we are moved to obey them.

See to it that each hour's thoughts, and feelings, and actions are pure and true; then will your life be such. The mightiest maze of magnificent harmonies that ever a Beethoven gave to the world is made up of single notes. The wide pasture is but separate spears of grass.

Why was it that the pure spiritual truths taught by Greek, Hindoo, Persian, Egyptian, and Hebrew sages had so little effect? The answer is simple. Because they were ideals of the reason and imagination only, cold, abstract, far away. "Purify yourselves," said Plato, and it produced no fruit. It was something abstract. "Purify yourselves, as he, the man Jesus, is pure," said John, and it set a thousand hearts on the quest. The love of purity was seen not as something on a statute book, but as realised in a human life, and it was felt that what one can do all can do.